

There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity; but one way of obtaining publicity—advertising.—Blackwood.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

VOL. XIX.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1893.

HAVE YOU PAID THE GATE FEE?

Fifty-two Entertainments

ADMISSION, - - \$1.50 PER YEAR!

NO. 5.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

M. L. HEAVENIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
HARTFORD, KY.

W. L. L. practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in court of appeals. Special attention given to collection. Office over Williams, Bell & Co's drug store.

Glenn & Wedding,
LAWYERS
HARTFORD, KY.

W. L. L. practice their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in court of appeals. Special attention given to criminal practice and collections. Also Notary Public for Ohio county.

Massie & Hayward,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Hartford, Kentucky.

W. L. L. practice their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in court of appeals. Office North side of public square.

James A. Smith,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
HARTFORD, KY.

W. L. L. practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Office North side of public square.

Guffy & Ringo,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Hartford, Kentucky.

W. L. L. practice in all the courts of Ohio county, Court of Appeals and Superior Court. Office over T. J. Morton's.

F. L. FELIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Hartford, Ky.

W. L. L. practice in the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office in Herald building.

J. EDWIN ROWE,
COUNSELLOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

W. L. L. practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to Criminal Practice, Settlement of Decedent's Estates and Collections. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him.

J. B. WILSON,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
And Real Estate Agent.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to Mine Surveying. Office with Ringo & Felix, Hartford.

J. H. WHITE

DENTIST,
HARTFORD, KY.

OFFICE OVER "RED FRONT."

Is prepared to do all kinds of dental work at reasonable prices.

WE TELL YOU

nothing new when we state that it pays to engage in a permanent, most healthy and pleasant business, that returns a profit for every day's work. Such is the business we offer the working class. We teach them how to make money rapidly, and guarantee every one who follows our instructions faithfully the making of \$100.00 a month. Every one who takes hold now and works will surely and speedily increase their earnings; there can be no question about it; others now at work are doing it, and you, reader, can do the same. This is the best paying business that you have ever had the chance to secure. You will make a great mistake if you fail to give it a trial at once. You grasp the situation, and act quickly, you will directly find yourself in a most prosperous business, at which you can surely make and receive sums of money. The results of only a few weeks' work will often equal a week's work. Whether you are old or young, man or woman, makes no difference, — do as we tell you, and we will meet you at the very start. Nothing experience or capital necessary. Those who wish for us are rewarded. Why not try today for full particulars, from F. E. ALLEN & CO., Box No. 420, Augusta, Me.

WORMS!

WHITE'S OREAM VERMIFUGE
FOR 20 YEARS
Has led all Worm Remedies.
Every BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Prepared by RICHARDSON-TAYLOR BROS., ST. LOUIS.

MY UNLUCKY ASTRALIZATION.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER II.

My first glance at the sheet caught the paragraph which had caused her grief. The prescient vision was distressing in itself, and rendered actually exasperating by the unemphatic conduct of those who, discovering my plight, swarmed about and jeered me. From the malicious "elementals" I could not of course expect anything better, but I was pained by seeing among them and emulating their heartlessness some astralized visitors from the material plane whose unbecoming glees were not restrained by the consideration that their own bodies might also have been lost to them at that very moment for aught they knew to the contrary. I have not deemed it necessary in the course of this narration to make any particular mention of the dwellers on the astral plane, or of the temporarily astralized persons like myself whom I encountered there, as my experiences were simply those of every one else, with the exception of this incident and one other to which I shall have occasion to revert farther on. But I cannot let pass without reprehension the behavior of the astralized persons who clustered around me on the train that morning and declared they found my unhappy situation "funny."

With a vague idea that I might find my body among the unclaimed baggage or in the waiting room at the Harrisburg depot, I climbed my tormentors and flitted back there—only to suffer another disappointment. It was nowhere to be seen.

The last passenger train for the night had gone by, the day was dark, and the only person on the platform was a watchman. I hoped some one would come and open a conversation with him, in the course of which I might casually find a clue to what had been done with my body, for of course he would be very likely to know. But the only person who came was a porter, who, after a moment's moving freight trains, who simply shouted "Hey! Jim!" or playfully sipped chunks of coal at him, social advances to which he responded by such ejaculations, profane or otherwise, as the occasion seemed specifically to demand. An impatient frown, however, tempted me to follow and hunt the car in which I had last seen my body, which I sought to expose to myself by a hope the porter might when he walked say something in my presence about it. So he did. In the desecrated depot, while the passenger trains were leaving and the train was gathering up the solid line, he suddenly stopped, threw open a window and beckoned to him a dingy platform sweeper.

"Lijah," he exclaimed hurriedly, with an air of suppressed excitement and mystery, "isn't this the death gig? Play it for all your wuf."

"Man or woman?"
"Man, Died on the train dis mornin'."

"Man."

That was all. They resumed their duties. My supposed demise was to them simply an inspiration for a "polity" play. I don't know when any little thing ever depressed me more. So I was deemed dead. Strange that some one had not sense enough to discover the fact of my having simply strolled away in my astral form! I would have imagined that so common and natural a thing could have failed to be at least suspected by almost anybody.

Pondering upon the unpleasant consequences to me which might ensue if there were not a timely correction of that misunderstanding, I strolled absently, with the passengers through the depot and about the train, until, moving in this way I sometimes temporarily forgot that I am not in my body until some incident recalls me to recognition of the fact. It is perhaps hardly worth speaking of, being such a common experience in our astral intrusions, but I always find it vexatious and irritating to have persons walk through me. And it happens so often. Of course it is easy enough to dodge those who meet, and if you sail along over their heads you have no trouble, but moving in a crowd on its level you are almost certain to find some one mistaking you for empty space come plunging through you from behind or lurching into you sideways in your unguarded moments.

Both those things occurred to me that unlucky morning. A fat German woman, with a huge market basket on her back, came sweeping up, and I had scarcely got in place again when, in going off the boat, a pretty, delicate looking young girl was jammed right into the space I occupied. Her sensitive nervous organization evidently felt my presence, though she was unaware of the cause of her sensation. For she shrieked and whistled to a companion:

"Oh, Jennie, I've got gooseflesh all over me! I believe I'm catching cold."

That incident, I think, hurt me worse than the other. It is distinctly unpleasant to be whistled at by a pretty girl and spoken of as giving her gooseflesh.

I was sure I would not have affected her so if I had not my body on at the time—a reflection which would have been consoling but for the doubt it awakened if I would ever again possess that anxiously desired materiality.

The day thus badly begun was destined to like continuance. I was in no proper mental condition for the astral plane. My perturbed thoughts, full of concern about my loss, unfitted me for the calm self control I should have had and made me subject to all manner of vicious illusions and painful impressions, artfully produced by the malicious sprites constantly besetting me.

Late in the afternoon, weary of aimless wandering about the town, I violated a resolution I had firmly formed the night before, which was that I would never look upon Marian's face again. It seems as if there were a sort of fatality against a man's looking at the resolutions he makes concerning women. Doubtless if I had gone slowly to her house, as my body would have had to, memory and reflection would have braced up resolution and turned my steps away from her door, to the club, but having only to think of my place in order to be there, if I wished it, I was actually in her parlor before I had time to remember I had adjured her.

She was lying upon a sofa with her face in its cushions, crying bitterly, and a weeping newspaper, dropped from her hand, lay upon the floor. My first glance at the sheet caught the paragraph which had no doubt caused her grief. It was this:

HARRISBURG, Dec. 22.—In a sleeping car berth on the Chicago train, arriving here, three men, in a passenger way found dead, papers in his pockets enabling his identification as John Bentley, of New York. He was apparently well when he boarded the train at Harrisburg. He is held to await claim by his friends.

"May the blessing of the unlucky light on the writer of that item," I said to myself. "Why could not the wretch have said where my body is held to await the claim of its best friend?" I wondered if it was being held "on ice," having slowly frozen out the little spark of life I had left in it? If some prudent country doctor, to make an imposing spectacle of himself before a coroner's jury, would not want to cut it open and take a look at the heart, to be sure it had failed? Either was quite possible.

Clearly I had no time to lose if I was going to get my body back in reasonable serviceable condition. But to find where it was "held" was the first thing. Perhaps some other evening paper had fuller particulars.

I was really sorry to have to leave Marian in such bad spirits, but I was standing her blameless behavior the night before, but could not do the slightest good by staying. Momentarily forgetting I was practically a mere ghost, I did try to tell her my views differed in some important particulars from those presented in the newspaper, but I had no more voice than a nunny.

As I have learned by bitter experience, an astralized person suffers under enormous disadvantages in trying to read the news. Having no material hands with which to open and turn the papers he has to depend upon those who have, peering over their shoulders, and clutching the paper, and the chance of finding out what had become of my body.

Then a happy thought occurred to me. "My friend X," I reflected, "is one who can be depended upon, if he has seen that item, to take prompt and energetic measures. Most probably he already knows where to set out and hunt my remains. If so, all I shall have to do will be to go along until I hear him told where they are, then skip ahead, retake possession and be ready to welcome him when he arrives."

I found him in his room, dressing and thinking aloud, a bad practice, which he is much addicted when seriously troubled. The paragraph I had already read lay on a stand beside him, clipped from the paper.

"I'm awfully sorry for the poor fellow," I heard him mutter, of course I knew that, but his dying just at this particular time in all sorts of a nuisance. I can't go corpse hunting tonight—even for him. Alicia would never forgive me if I did not take her to this opera—only time it's to be given in the season. And a day more or less won't matter to him now. They no doubt have him nicely laid somewhere. Seems to me I've heard they give unclaimed bodies to the medical colleges. But they would hardly do that right away. Even if they did I could get my body back and have him fixed up most likely. Decidedly tomorrow will be the best time, but I don't know what to do. I shall wait until the morning, and then, for in the waistband of my trousers I had sewed a fifty dollar note, a precaution against "going broke" which I have not in years allowed myself to travel without. With this money I made my way back to New York on that night "fast line, number four"—having broken out of Mr. Jablet's shop—and before ten o'clock the next day was walking up Broadway.

So ended the lesson of my unlucky astralization, and my story is done, except that I deem it due to Marian to declare openly that she had not been guilty of any such impropriety as I seemed to witness. In fact, she not only had not visited that evening, but was not even at home, having gone to spend the night at her sister's. The scene which appeared so shockingly real to me was simply an artful illusion, got up by couple of waggish "elementals," who impersonated her and the total stranger with such skill as to completely deceive me. Their trick could not have been successful for the perturbation of mind I was in at the time, but I am not now sorry it was played, for it will encourage my caution in accepting as real even the most plausible appearances on the astral plane.

THE END.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
It will cure you in ten days. Sold
by all dealers in medicine.

enough, I found my body. It had been unclothed and stretched out on a board in a sort of cold storage room, like a big refrigerator, but happily not in contact with ice. Life, though weak, was still in it.

But I had not arrived a moment too soon. A man, a tall, thin, dark man, who confessed he had lost his own body years before, was already there, seeking to appropriate mine. He was just about trying it on when I came and stopped him. I saw at a glance it would not fit him, as he, too, could have seen, if he had not been so madly desirous of obtaining a material shell that he was quite desperate. Indeed he would almost have rattled around in it, and could not have controlled it at all, for he was but a little whiff of a fellow, while I am of the gossamer size of a man should be. So I "bounced him," morally speaking, sympathetically but firmly, and was just about taking up my old quarters when he was interrupted.

The door opened suddenly and the undertaker came in, accompanied by his son. I waited to see what they were after. Mr. Jablet's look did not please me. He was a muscular fellow, short but strong, with a broad, square jaw and a sloping forehead which spread away gradually in a wide bald area of skull fringed at the back with short red hair. Although he seemed an ugly person to argue with, and I judged he had been drinking.

"They don't get this stuff away from me," he was saying to his son as they entered, "until they put up handsome. Business is bad and he comes along as a windfall. He has, judging from what was found on him, friends who are well fixed and I mean to work them."

I felt that Jablet, if he thought me reviving, might be quite capable of knocking me on the head to prevent what he counted upon as a fat job slipping through his fingers.

"Oh, there ain't much in it," replied the son indifferently, "not more than forty or fifty dollars, and do the best you can with it."

"Ain't, eh? You're not smart, Dan'l. You don't know the business yet, I'm going to give you a pointer you'll find of use some day: maybe I'm going to em-balm him."

"Dan'l, you're a daisy. I didn't think of that."

"Course you didn't. But you ain't me. I'll load him up with eight shillings' worth of fluid and get some five-cent pieces to give you a pointer you'll find of use some day: maybe I'm going to em-balm him."

"I don't know the business yet, I'm going to give you a pointer you'll find of use some day: maybe I'm going to em-balm him."

Upon the expectant canvas of her dreams the storied Rhine moves in slow majesty. Mirrored in its depths is the turret where the faithful Roland, risen too late from the bloody field of Roncesvalles, keeps constant watch over the cloistered walls of Normen-worth. In the veiled garden that paces with slow steps the narrow limits of the convent garden the sleeper sees her own features reflected, and her heart is stirred with longing regret for the lost love and fleeting youth, the deep hopes and fading beauty mirrored by the gentle sun.

Instantly the room is peopled with a crowd of jostling shadows, eagerly contending for the privilege of controlling the young girl's sleeping fancies.

At last the white lids drop over the tired eyes, the dark lashes rest upon the smooth oval of the cheek, the heart beats with gentle regularity, and the maiden sleeps.

The gleaming waters fade. A rugged Scottish moor stands out upon the heather. Two figures walk amid the blue heather in close embrace, and in the secret, irrefutable face faintly raised to meet the dark, passionate eyes bent over her, is again to be seen the maiden who lies tranquilly sleeping.

The dawn had already dawned, and the sun's light of mighty waves beating upon the rocks is close at hand.

Stately trees bend before the sudden blast. Carried upon the wings of the storm two fair young creatures come fleetly into view, sheltering themselves under the curving leaf of a luxuriant tropical flower. They laugh with dauntless courage, and each clings to the other with the innocent abandon of creatures who have never known sin.

The youth looks fondly into the bright face so near his own and lo! it is the face of the dreamer.

A magnificent palace stands by the placid lagoon. Within a dark-browed man tells of wondrous adventures by land and sea. A golden-haired girl, who sits by a gray beard, listens with parted lips and eager eyes. The man's stern face softens, his heart beats high with mingled hope and pride. His hot blood courses through his veins like flame, and into his tales of reckless bravery and warlike skill he weaves a thread of shining romance that links his fate forever with her of the golden tresses.

The sleeper stirred restlessly and murmured brokenly, "Ah! would that heaven had made me such a man!"

From out the shadows of the past it had summoned the devoted Roland to bring his fidelity, the melancholy Ravenswood to add his passion, the youthful Paul to bestow his virtue, and the passionate Mont to endow with courage that manly ideal before which a young girl's heart falls prostrate when she dreams on a bit of wedding cake.

The Homeliest Man in Hartford
As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any drugist and get a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

What Was It?
[Exchange.]
He was an old man—gray-haired and wrinkled. And he was a typical tramp, too—dirty and slovenly, and appeared as if he were constantly on the alert looking for a kick or a blow.

I was in the waiting room killing time, for the train was an hour late, and when I saw him sidling toward me, I buried myself in the paper. He passed the policeman unnoticed and was just about to address me, when a handsome and elegantly attired gentleman uttered a half suppressed exclamation, and glancing up I saw the two opposites gazing at each other.

One, handsome as a picture, with an open, frank countenance and a keen, but tender eye; the other, slovenly, slouching, with a blurred eye, and a sneaking, hang-dog look.

They stared at each other for a moment, when the handsome gentleman pulled out a plecthoric pocket-book and handed it over to the tramp. The latter's face changed color just a little, as a wave of blood flung up under the dirt, but he took the pocket-book, opened it, took out one bill from a large bundle of them, put it into his trousers pocket (he had no coat or vest) handed the other bills and the pocket-book back, and slightly inclined his head.

Not a word had been spoken, but now the donor said quietly and earnestly: "Won't you please take more? Just this once?"

The only answer was a deeper flush of the face, and a negative movement of the head, as he turned and passed out into the night.

There was a heart story back of it all, but even when the donor sat down beside me, he sighed, and I could not bring myself to the point of intruding upon his privacy.

A BIT OF WEDDING CAKE.

Dreamland's Magic Realm Furnishes an Ideal for the Innocent Maiden.

[Chicago Times.]

She had brushed her hair until it fell in shining lengths over her slender figure, and now she stood holding in one hand the dainty little box within which lay the magic, oblong bit of cake that would in her dream shadow forth the future.

Here eyes were bent upon the box, but she saw it not. Unconscious of her surroundings her fancy played lightly with the vague shapes which filled her mind and heart.

Who can divine the dim, delightful thoughts in which a young girl revels while yet her heart is all her own? Who dare reveal them? If there be anything purer or sweeter it is known only to God and his angels.

She turns down the gas till there remains but a pin point of light, which only makes the darkness more visible, and with soft, bare feet she moves slowly across the room and slips into her white net.

With wide-open eyes she lies there, deaf to the nocturnal noises of the great city, trembling, she knows not why; listening, she knows not for what; but hearing only the beating of her innocent heart, feeling nothing but the throbbing of her virgin pulse.

It would seem that a gaze so intent should pierce, unaided, the veil that hangs between the present and the future, but the miracle is not wrought to the waking vision, nor does a strong hand draw aside, even for a moment, the dark folds behind which are marshaled coming events and unknown hosts.

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The only answer was a deeper flush of the face, and a negative movement of the head, as he turned and passed out into the night.

There was a heart story back of it all, but even when the donor sat down beside me, he sighed, and I could not bring myself to the point of intruding upon his privacy.

After a few minutes he roused himself as from a trance, and now he was gazing at him with an interest, but he could not, and as he sprang to his feet at the calling of his train, he passed by me going out of the door and remarked:

"One of the delts a man can never fully repay—a reminiscence of Shiloh." And fancy was left to fill out the story.

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The Local Paper.
Gov. Francis, of Missouri, who appreciates the value of a local paper, gives the following reasons why it should be patronized.

"Each year the local paper gives from \$100 to \$1,000 in free lines to the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his county than any other ten men; he ought to be supported not because you like him and his writings, but all should support a local paper because it is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliantly edited or crowded with thought, but financially it is more beneficial to the people than the teacher or preacher. Understand me I do not say morally or intellectually, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find most of the local papers are on the right side. To-day the editors of the home papers do the most for the least money of any man on earth."

The First Law of Nature.
This self-preservation is acknowledged to be, and people who adopt against the encroachments of disease a genuine medicinal safeguard, accredited by experience and the sanction of physicians afford a happy illustration of the wisdom of the saying, in the health they restore and continue to enjoy. Among multitudes, against the growth of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords efficient protection, diseases of the kidney and bladder, and of the stomach and bowels, are common. No medicine is stronger than this. Used at the outset and persistently the best results may be expected. This medicine also eradicates liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism and nervousness.

Holding the Tongue.
[Answer in Chicago Herald.]
Another way of wasting time is by giving too much attention to other people's business. You must never expect to judge fairly with nothing but circumstances to help you to an estimate. For circumstances are vain and shallow things, and often lead the judgment astray.

I heard a young girl ridiculing an older woman's appearance the other day, and among other officiously unkind things she said, I caught these words:

"I'd be ashamed to go about looking so like a Dutch doll! She looks as though she bought her clothes second-hand, and just see the patch on her shoe."

"My dear," I wanted to say to the saucy girl, "you do not know the environments of that woman's life; if you did, perhaps even your feathery brain might know a little embarrassment for its harsh criticism. By self-sacrifice, of which neither you nor my selfish soul could ever dream, she is denying herself that some young and fairer may have the good gods denied her."

"Hold your tongue," is neither a very polite nor pretty phrase, but it would be well if some of us wrote it above the portals of our doors on New Year's morning, and looked at it every one of the 365 days to follow.

When Baby was Sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was Old, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Married, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Farmer.
[Observer in New York Herald.]
The article in one of your recent issues by Aristides, Jr., regarding legislation for the farmer, deserves more than passing notice. The importance of the farmer and the condition in which he to-day finds himself are there so accurately set forth that one cannot help asking what has brought him to this condition and who is responsible for it? With those questions in view let us inquire under what circumstances the farmer should logically expect to be most benefited? A candid mind cannot but admit that absolutely free trade with direct taxation is essential to his complete prosperity. To perceive the truth of this assertion we must give a glance at his present situation.

The staples of his products are mainly horses, cattle and cereals, each of which is produced in greater abundance than this country requires and the surplus is of necessity sold abroad,

the price for the entire product being there determined. Under such circumstances, a protective tariff can be but a detriment, as the purchases of foreign nations must bear some relation to their sales, and the farmer is thus robbed of a portion of his natural profit, as for instance, his wheat, which but two or three years ago brought him seventy-five cents, now under the operation of the McKinley law, brings him but forty-five cents.

EFFECTS OF A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.
Again, he is also a large consumer of the products of others, such, for example, as machinery, lumber, twine, wire, household supplies, &c., upon all of which the effect of a protective tariff must be either to enhance their cost or deteriorate their quality, and the farmer is for a second time made the prey of the tariff, and to use an old expression, "his candle is burned at both ends," the logical result being to render farming a precarious livelihood, to impair the financial standing of the farmer himself and to place him at a disadvantage when he attempts to borrow money in the hope of keeping along until better times.